Whether the three Worthis ſhall come in or no?

*Ber.* What, are there but three?

*Clow.* No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one purſents three.

*Bero.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Clow.* Not ſo ſir, vnder correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo.
You cannot beg vs ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we know: I hope ſir three times thrice ſir.

*Bero.* Is not nine.

*Clow.* Vnder correction ſir we know where-vntill it doth amount.

*Bero.* By Ioue, I all wayes tooke three threes for nine.

*Clow.* O Lord ſir, it were pittie you ſhould get your liuing by reckning ſir.

*Bero.* How much is it?

*Clow.* O Lord ſir, the parties themſelues, the actors ſir will ſhew wher-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as thy ſay, but to parfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

*Bero.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

*Clow.* It pleaſed them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to ſtand for him.

*Bero.* Goe bid them prepare. *(Exit.)*

*Clow.* We wil turne it finely off ſir, we wil take ſome care.

*King. Berowne*, they will ſhame vs: let them not approch.

*Bero.* We are ſhame proofe my Lord: & tis ſome policie
To haue one ſhow worſe then the Kings and his company.

*King.* I ſay they ſhall not come.

*Quee.* Nay my good Lord let me ore'rule you now.
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth beſt know how:
Where zeale ſtriues to content, and the contentes
Dies in the zeale of that which it preſentes:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in myrth,
When great thinges labouring periſh in their byrth.

*Bero.* A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

*Enter Bragart.*

*Brag.* Annoynted, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweete



ſweete breath, as will vtter a brace of wordes.

*Quee.* Doth this man ſerue God?

*Bero.* Why aſke you?

*Quee.* A ſpeakes not like a man of God his making.

*Brag.* That is al one my faire ſweete honie monarch,
For I proteſt, the Schoolemaiſter is exceeding fantaſticall,
Too too vaine, too too vaine: but we will put it (as they ſay
to *Fortuna delaguar*) I wiſh you the peace of mind moſt royal
cupplement. *Exit.*

*King.* Heere is like to be a good preſence of Worthies:
He preſents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, th
pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pe
dant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthies in thei
firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and preſen
the other fiue.

*Bero.* There is fiue in the firſt ſhew.

*King.* You are deceiued, tis not ſo.

*Bero.* The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Prieſt, the
Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot picke out fiue ſuch, take each one in his vaine.

*Kin.* The Ship is vnder ſayle, and heere ſhe coms amaine.

*Enter Pompey.*

*Clowne.* *I* Pompey *am.*

*Bero.* You lie, you are not he.

*Clow.* *I* Pompey *am,*

*Boyet.* With Libbards head on knee. (thee.

*Ber.* Well ſaid old mocker, I muſt needes be friendes with

*Clow.* *I* Pompey *am,* Pompey *ſurnamde the bigge.*

*Duma.* The great.

*Clow.* *It is great ſir,* Pompey *ſurnamd the great,*
*That oft in fielde with Targ and Shield did make my foe to ſweat,*
*And trauailing along this coaſt I heere am come by chaunce,*
*And lay my Armes before the Legges of this ſweete Laſſe of Frances.*
*If your Ladiſhyp would ſay thankes* Pompey, *I had done.*

*Lady.* Great thankes great *Pompey.*

*Clo.* Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I
made a litle fault in great.